## ROWENY IN BOSTON.

III.

MAJOR STANGER.

Rowena had at last spread open her portfolio. The first sketch that lay there was the original of the Warner homestead, a copy of which she had given Eunice.

Her companion reached out a long, slim hand with an imperative motion and took the sheet. But she did not say anything, though Rowena stood looking at her with dilated, hoping and fearing eyes.

Every sketch was taken out and gazed upon slowly and keenly, and in silence.

At last Rowena could bear it no longer. She walked to the easel, where this woman had been

at work. Presently a voice close beside her asked:

"What do you think of it?"

"I think it is bad," said Rowena. "And you dare to tell me so?"

"Why not tell you so, since you asked me?" The country girl turned an astonished glance at her interlocutor, who answered it angrily. " Mr.

Allestree does not say it is bad," she remarked "Perhaps it isn't; I only think it is," responded Rowens humbly, "and I am very ignorant. The other woman's face flushed and paled.

Every movement of hers had a certain graceful, final decision in it, and was rapid without being hurried. She took up a brush and drew it across the landscape in oil, which was almost finished, on her easel. A broad line of crimson paint was left on the picture. The action seemed to have dissipated her anger. She turned with a singularly sweet smile to the girl who was close to her.

"I knew it was bad all the time. I'm not a fool," she said, "but all my friends praised it. They said I 'must stick to my latest fad,' 'I was born to be an artist,' and all that rot. You have told me the truth; you can't lie. I might better have stuck to theosophy. What do you think of theosophy, Miss ---?

"Tuttle," said Rowena, and as she said that word a vivid vision of Mrs. Jarvis, and her mourning gown, and her hair rose before her. 'Miss Tuttle," said her companion promptly. "What idea have you formed about theosophy?" "I don't know what it is," replied the girl blushing with shame.

"Nobody knows what it is," was the unexpected rejoinder, "but it is sometimes entertaining to talk as if we knew. A whole lot of us meet here and there and talk, and talk. It is great fun at first, but afterward it gets to be a bore. But one must do something, or what's the use of living in Borston?"

The speaker was standing directly in front of Rowena. She spoke in a voice that was not high or loud, but that could be heard with a peculiar distinctness, each word being like a perfectly formed bit of marble suddenly chipped off and sent out on its mission. It was evidently a habit, long cultivated, that she should speak thus.

Rowena tried to listen understandingly, but she was waiting for the master to come, and she was wishing she dared to ask what this stranger had thought of her sketches. But, of course, she had not liked them, or she would have told her so. Just then the great door of the studio clanged again. A large man in a fur coat entered briskly.

There is Allestree," said the woman in an undertone to Rowena, who began to tremble pitiably. She gathered her sketches hastily into her arms and hurried out toward the door. Allestree saw her coming, and was sorry for her.

"Another poor devil who thinks she can paint," he said to himself as he threw off his cap and coat. She stood and waited.

"Well?" he said. "Will you look at these?"

Rowena now held herself straight and stiff. She was thinking she could go home. Her father and mother would be glad to see her. She could get a school.

The man glanced to where the other woman stood, far away, near her easel.

"Good morning, Miss Phillipps," he said. Rowena thought he dreaded to look at her work. Again she said to herself, "I can go home. If I can't get a school, I can do slop work. Allestree threw himself down in a long chair

and put his legs on the foot-rest. Give them to me, please," he said.

She laid her armful across his knees. He took up a sheet.

"H'm," he said. ook up another sheet. Again he said "H'm He had so much beard on his face that the girl could not make out one expression more than another, and at last she lowered her eyes and waited

Finally he turned himself sideways and looked

at her. "Did you want me to give you lessons?"

Yes-if you think--

"We'll make a beginning. Come to-morrow at

He held out her sketches to her. She took them mechanically. It was all she could do not to cry with relief and joy. Since Allestree would teach her there must be some promise in her work. She did not know how she got to the door. As she was trying to open it Miss Phillipps walked

"Here is your portfolio," she said. With two or three deft movements she fastened the sketches

Wait one moment outside for me," she said. and opened the door for Rowena, who stepped without, and stood, dazed and tremulous. thought of Uncle Reuben, and hoped she should soon "git to runnin"."

The door swung open again, and Rowena joined by Miss Phillipps in heavy furs.

"It occurred to me that I could take you home. she said. "My carriage will be here. You seemed so overcome." The two went down the "You were afraid Allestree would not Yes.

"He would not if he had not seen you had some talent. It's my opinion that you have a great deal. He took me because-I am Miss Phil lipps," with a little laugh. "Here's the carriage.

Get in. Where do you live? Hudson-st., driver. Miss Phillipps sat down beside Rowena, who was almost sure her senses were leaving her. through the whole time a shrewd good sense she had enabled her to guess that her companion was a person who had whims, and who could afford to indulge them.

"I shall see you at the studio," remarked Miss Phillipps.

"But you have spoiled your picture." "I spoiled that long ago. I shall begin another. How old are you?"

"Almost twenty-two."

"And I'm thirty. I suppose you are very "Yes."

"Don't look so proud. I'm not going to offer you alms. Is this your place? What is that sign over the basement window? 'Twenty-five tickets for three dollars'-tickets for what?" "For meals."

"Ch! Do you hate tickets?"

"No. I'm going to do light housekeeping in my room at the top of the house."

"Oh! Cook your own meals? I should like that much better. Perhaps when you know me well you will invite me to lunch. You look as if you never would. Don't let your face show so plainly what you feel. What are you going to do evenings?"

"This evening I am going to a sea-ants in the parlor here," replied Rowena, with some desperation in her manner.

"A sea-ants? Merey? Can it be there are still Spiritualists? I went through all that long

"I haven't been through it yet," said Rowens The driver had been holding the door open for the last few minutes, but Miss Phillipps had put a detaining hand on Rowena's arm as she asked her questions.

Well, good-by."

Miss Phillipps smiled and leaned slightly toward the young girl as she said this. Rowena wished that she did not feel such a strong attraction toward this lady when she smiled like that.

She stepped out onto the sidewalk. As she lid so, Mrs. Jarvis looked from the parlor win-Miss already there nodded feily at Madames, nephew. the young girl as she said this. Rowena wished that she did not feel such a strong attraction toward this lady when she smiled like that. did so, Mrs. Jarvis looked from the parlor win-

dow. She was dusting that room that it might be in good order for the evening. The carriage rolled away through the mud and slush, and Rowena mounted the steps. Her

cheeks burned and her eyes sparkled. Mrs. Jarvis came to the parlor door, which was always open into the hall. There was al-

most deference in her manner. "Wasn't that Miss Phillipps?" she inquired

"I didn't know she was a friend of yours I've see her preside at different meetin's, woman suffrage, and so on. She's a great reformer, I

expect. Mrs. Jarvis looked at Rowena as if hoping she would explain.

"She isn't a friend of mine. I never saw her before. She was at the studio. I don't know why she brought me here."

Rowena thought she would be dishonest if she did not say this. "She must be very kind," remarked Mrs. Jarvis,

beginning to whisk her feather-duster again. As Rowena climbed the stairs, she said to herself that Miss Phillipps did not seem exactly kind to her. And yet the girl had not resented the

questions, nor the incisive abruptness of them. By supper time Rowena told herself she was settled," and felt as if she had been occupying that attic for months. She made tea and boiled eggs on the top of her kerosene stove. She dipped a tough-looking substance from a tin can labelled Swiss Condensed Milk" into her solitary teacup. She had some baker's rolls and something had bought for butter. She had really begun to "room-keep"; she was doing light housekeep

Even the dexterity and the thrift of a New England country girl cannot make it cosey of home-like to get one's meals on the top of a small oil-lamp stove. There is a certain desolation bout a boiled egg that has been hopping up and down in a saucepan over that flame

Rowena was conscious of the desolation, even in her triumph that Allestree would give her essons. Besides, her eggs were store-eggs, and had forgotten that they had once been laid by real hens. She wished she had not spent her money for them, but had eaten corned beef from her trunk, as she had done for dinner. But, for some unknown reason, even corned beef, if you have brought it in a trunk, loses the origina delicacy of flavor which so endears this dish to the rural inhabitant.

Rowena had "made out her supper." as he mother would have said, and was pensively trying to stir a second wad of condensed milk into second cup of tea. She was thinking that she had been very remiss in not asking at the very first the price of the painting lessons. She was also trying not to think about that old house she had left the day before. She was impatient to become hardened.' All those girls downstairswho were coming and going through the hallthey were hardened, of course. They were not

She sat long in front of her stove. The doo was open and she could look in upon the bright coals. She did not light her new lamp. All a once she found that she was sobbing and the tears were running down her cheeks.

Somebody knocked at the door. Rowena wen and opened it, glad that her room was so dark. There was a rustling of black silk as Mrs Jarvis, in her best gown, entered.

"I was afraid you had forgotten the sea-ants," she said. "I'm expecting Madame Van Ben thuysen every minute. Most of the friends are

Mrs. Jarvis did not say that she had told the

friends that her new lodger was a particular friend of "that Miss Phillipps." Rowena went timidly down the stairs behind

her hostess, who had waited for her to make her piteously simple toilet. At the last step Mrs. Jarvis suddenly was aware that some very nervous fingers were clutch-

ing her arm. "Remember," hurriedly whispered Rowens, "! won't be developed! I wouldn't be a mediun for the whole world!"

She shuddered violently. Before any reply could be made the outer door, directly in front of them, was opened and a young man entered, followed by a tall lady in a gray fur circular. It seemed to Rowena that the ulster of the man was familiar ay it hopped about the ankles recalled something to her. The next instant she knew that it recalled a pale-pink necktie and bread crumbs and coffee drops.

Mrs. Jarvis rushed forward to greet the person n the circular. The two women kissed each other loudly. They talked in a mumbling, rapid way for a moment, while the young man tool off his hat in a pointed manner to Rowena, who still kept her place on the lower stair. She could hear the murmur of conversation from the parlor. The young man appeared to suspect that she had such thoughts, for he moved around behind the

two and whispered, with a deprecating look." Don't go; you'll find it great fun.' Rowens forgot how very improper it was to speak without an introduction.

"If I do stay," she said in the same voice, "I won't be a medium." Then she blushed painfully, and knew she had

done very wrong. The young man flushed up with pleasure because she had answered him. He was going to say something more, when Mrs. Jarvis turned and drew the girl forward, saying :

"This is my young friend, Miss-I didn't quite eatch your name, my dear."

"Tuttie," said Rowena. "Oh, yes, Tuttle. You see she is a sensitive subject, open to influence." Madame Van Benthaysen was not only tall, but large, and her circular made her almost immense.

She had a dark face, with heavy-lidded eyes, and thick, black eyebrows. She took Rowena's hand with one of her own and put the other arm over the girl's shoulders A great fold of the cloak nearly enveloped the

A great total of the closic hearty enveloped the slight figure.

"My dear child, I am truly glad to see you," said Madame, in a rolling, meetons voice that was indicative of great good nature and enormous self-esteen. "The conditions are lovely to-night. I knew it as we came along in the horse-car: I said to my nephew, "Ferdinand," said I. "I feel that the conditions were never more propitious than to-night."

than to night."

The speaker pronounced propitious as if it were speiled "propishuous," and she uttered the word with such an air that Rowens almost thought that she herself had always been mis-

taken about that word.

"Were you coming to the sea-ants in the hope of being developed." inquired Madame, still holding the cold, slender hand warmly in her fat

ing the cold, siender hand warmly in her fat fingers.

Rowens, with a great effort, removed her hand. Again the nephew of Madame, who was now in the background, saw that she had the impulse to run away up those stairs. He moved forward rather precipitately, and asked if he might be presented to the young lady. His anni mediately performed the introduction with effusion. Then she proceeded to lay acide her circular. During this process she informed Mrs. Jarvis, who was assisting her, that the reason her circular wore so well and looked so fresh was because she never sat down in it. If you sat down in a circular you rained the far and crushed the silk. Economy was one of the first of virtues with her. She was never ashamed of economy. The Major had always said she could dress better on twenty-five dollars than any other woman could on a bundred. woman could on a hundred.

She was now smoothing the front breadths of

woman could on a hundred.

She was now smoothing the front breadths of her black satin gown, and adjusting herself generally before the small mirror in the hat rack. Rowena was conscious of a sort of shock when she saw that Madame also were a pompadour roll—and how black it was, and how it shone! Involontarily the girl's hand went up to her own head; she heared lest she herself might have such a roll—it might be the first visible symptom of development toward mediumistic powers.

"Is Major Stanger coming to night?"

It was Rowena who asked this question, because an ungovernable curiosity prompted her.

Madame turned from patting her hair. Rowena did not know why the young man broke into a laugh, which he instantly strangled. It was the most natural thing in the world. Rowena thought, for her to make that inquiry. Had not Mrs. Jarvis told her that that gentleman were

They all sat down. Madame was opposite a closed card-table. At first there was a little desultory talk, but very soon there was complete silence. Everybody looked at Madame save the stout young man, who looked at Rowena.

Madame continued to smile in a broad, general

way, even after her ellows began to twitch and she had shut her eyes.

All at once she crossed her legs in a very pronounced manner. She placed one hand on her hip. She put the other hand to her face and appeared to twill a syntaxic service.

peared to twirl a mustache.
"Gad," said she, in a husky voice. Everybody moved a little, in subdued wonder admiration. "Gad," said Madame again; "seems to me there's a new gal here, ain't there?"

More admiration.
"It's the Major," whispered some one.
Mrs. Jarvis held up her finger for silence.
Everybody listened breathlessly for more words of

wisdom.

Madame asked for a cigar. She said something about a cocktail. She seemed to smoke and to drink. She was evidently now a personating

medium.

Rowena was sorry for her. She did not reply when Mrs. Jarvis asked in a very low tone if it wasn't wonderful.

But after a moment Rowena, in that clear voice of hers, asked if it was Major Stanger. On being told that it was, without a doubt, she said it was very lucky that the Major had been killed, for he must have been horrid when in the flesh.

the flesh.

She could not guess why such daggers were looked at her. She had forgotten that the Major had once been the husband of the medium. She was liable to forget such things, and therefore her remarks were sometimes quite electrify ing in their frank simplicity. Ferdinand, who she now perceived, was sitting very near her thrust his handkerchief into his mouth and looked at her over it with eyes that almost

## FOUR SIDE POCKEIS TO THAT COAT.

AN OLD MAN FINDS SOME CIGARETTES BUT LOSES HIS CIGARS.

An old man with a florid face sat in a restaurant the other day talking business with another across the table. His coat was hanging on the All beside him, and he was so carnestly engaged in corversation that when the meal was ended and he wa ready to smoke be reached up his hand without looking around and began to feel for the pocket of his over coat. His hand reached imputiently all over the gar ment, found the pocket, went down into it and car forth empty. Then the old man searched for the other pocket. This was on the other side of the coat. next to the wall, and it took his straying hand some time to get into it. A look of surprise flashed over the old gentleman's face. He drew forth from the pocket a box of eignreties. He put them down on the table and looked at them contemptaously,

"Cigarettes," he said, with a sniff. emebody has stolen my cigar-case and left these things in my pocket." The old man began to get angry and his face grev

"Cigarettes," he snorted. "The scoundrel! Waiter waiter," he called, his voice rising in anger.

"Who put these things in my pocket and stole my cigars 1

'I don't know, sir. I'll see about it, sir.' "You should know, you do know." "Let me look in your pockets, sir; you may be

"Don't contradict me. I tell you they're stolen, and me one has put these d-- things in my pocket." "Let me look in your pocket again, sir. They may

"You shan't look in my pocket. Don't you thin I know what's in my pockets and what isn't? Didn't I just go through them? What does this house mean, ried the old man, standing up and shaking his fing threateningly, "by allowing a guest to be treated it this fashion! I'll have you reported, sir. I'll have on discharged." He pushed the box of eigarettes angrily across the table. Bring me some cigars," he snapped. As the old

gentleman was lighting his eigar another man came up and reached for the coat which was hanging on the pe beside the indignant guest. He got a flerce glance a he took down the coat. The old man got up, his face What are you going to do with that coat, sir?" he

"Put it on," answered the other calmly, handing it

That is my coat, sir." "I beg your pardon, it is my coat," replied the anger coolly, slipping his arms through the sleeves. The old man was in a tremble,

"That is my coat," he should, "Take it off,"
The stranger's eye caught sight of the box of cigar
ties lying on the table.

"Ah," he said, "I see you have been trying the
avor of my eigarettes. Won't you have another?"
added, smiling.

I'm sure I don't know," said the stranger quietly ps they're in your pocket here. I see ou be precisely alike. I noticed that when I ham The old man looked at his coat undisturbed on it

Have a clear?" he said faintly, "No. I thank you, I prefer cigarettes."
"Have a drink!"
"No. I thank you, I seldom drink." Hang it, waiter!" cried the old gentleman

I day?"
"Good day, sir," said the stranger.
"Good day," growled the prayeible old gentleman.
A moment later the stranger returned.
"Excuse me, sir," he said middly, "may I have one
my eighrettes?" Just then the old gentleman swore
modific.

## RELIGION WAS " LOOKING PP"

From The Lewiston Journal. The following story is told of old "Father Taylor":
le once went from a certain town noted for its anathy
n religious matters to a conference meeting, where
is brethren in the ministry were comparing notes as
the condition of church work in each one's locality,
resently some one asked Father Taylor how the reglous interest was in —
"Oh," replied that gentleman, "religion is looking
p in —"?"

This occusioned much surprise, as such a declaration seemed directly contrary to general reports.
"How is that?" was asked. "Is there any general awakening of the churches?"

Any special interest on the part of those outside churches :"

Well, then, how do you explain your remark that religion is 'hooking up' in — !"

"Why," said Father Taylor, dryly, "religion is flat
on its back in —, and it has to look up, if it looks
anywhere!"

IDEALIZING A PORTRAIT.



From The Boston Courier.

A significant side light was thrown upon the question of portrait painting by a conversation which was recently heard between two forston women. One of them remarked that her Aunt Maria, a woman as ugly

recently heard between two foston women. One of them remarked that her Annt Maria, a woman as uzly to look upon as she is wealthy, was intending to have her portrait painted.

"I tell her," the niece remarked, "that she must have Mr. X. do it."

"My dear," her friend responded, "if you expect to be remembered in your Annt Maria's will, for heaven's sake don't have anything to do with Mr. X.'s painting her portrait,"

"Why not, my dear?"

"Why not, my dear?"

"Why not, my dear?"

"Why not, I why, dear child, he'll make it look like her! She will be farious, and as she cannot vent her displeasure on him she will blame yon. I know her. Let her have Mr. Y. do it, and he will idealize it so that it will be almost good looking."

"I dare say you are right," the niece responded, thoughtfully.

"of course I am right. Besides, the picture will probably descend to you, and you had better have a good looking one than one that is."

The hroken sentence was more significant than novel. The two women looked at each other in perfect understanding, and already it is arranged that Annt Maria shall be idealized by Mr. Y., instead of below portrayed by Mr. X.

HOW TO BE HUNGRY AT BRUAKFAST.

From The Hospital. Breakfast is rather a failure as a meal with town nen. That ought not to be; there is something wood From The Hospital.

Breakfast is rather a failure as a meal with town men. That ought not to be; there is something wrong when a man is not vicorously hungry in the morning. Where is the fault! Is it in the late dinner? Not in the dinner, probably, so much as in what is drank at dinner; in that, and in the nervous strain of the times. It does not matter whether we dine in the middle of the day or in the evening, so long as we dine judiciously. But the man who has much work to do and particularly brain work, cannot dine in the middle of the day. If he does, he must make up his mind to lose at least an hour of his most valuable time. A light luncheon at midday, with no stimulant stronger than a cup of coffee or a bottle of ginger ale, is the suitable thing. But this must on no necount be used as a substitute for dinner. He who lunches in this way at midday must dine in the evening, and dine well. The business-man should dine at half-past 6, or at latest half-past 7. The lazy man may dine when he likes. The man who has carned his dinner should have a good one not heavy, but putritious; not too claborate, but well selected and well cooked. He should chink, if possible, only one kind of wike, and that a light one, sparkling or still. Spirits and beer he should avoid. Dinner should be the last meal of the day, except for those who cannot sleep without a little food in their stomacles. These may take a cup of coorse, with a little this bread and butter, just at the moment of going to bed. If attention be paid to these suggestions, very few people will fall to be hungry at breakfast.

## A NEW ERA IN SAMOA.

ORDER AND GENERAL GOOD-WILL AT-TENDED THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

THE PEOPLE OF ALL RACES PLEASED WITH COUNT CEDERCRANTZ-NATIVE FESTIVITIES

> IN HONOR OF KING MALIETOA-MURDER OF A SAILOR FROM THE AMERICAN

MAN OF WAR IROQUOIS. Apia, Samoa Islands, January 28.

Tuesday, December 30, was an important day in the history of Samoa. The arrival of the Chief Justice marked a new era for its people. Arrangements had been made in San Francisco with the Oceanic Steamship Company to have the mail steamer call at Apia, instead of Tutuila, and thus to bring the Chief Justice directly into port without transfer into a small cutter at Tutuila. When the Alameda appeared off the mouth of the harbor numerous boats containing committees and deputations of citizens of all nationalitiesboarded the vessel to welcome and congratulate Count Cedercrantz on his safe arrival. The first boat to go alongside the steamer was that of Seumanu, native Governor of the Tuamasaga, and into this boat, presented by the American Government to Seumanu, the Chief Justice and his private secretary, Lieutenant Ulfsparre, descended and were conveyed ashore. As soon as they anded they were met by the Consuls, who gave them a hearty and earnest greeting, and escorted them to the International Hotel, where a large number of citizens had assembled. From here



the King's soldiers escorted the Chief Justice to his apartments, at the house of a countryman whom he had known in his native land.

The following day, about 10 o'clock, an in King Malieton, and all the Consuls. The King came outside of his house and welcomed the party and conducted them inside, where he expresses is own pleasure and that of his Government the arrival of the Chief Justice. He also ex pressed his thankfulness to the German Emperor the Queen of Great Britain, and the President of the United States for their labor in behalf of Samon, and his appreciation of the sering Count Cedercrantz as Chief Justice of Samoa. The Chief Justice replied that the three Powers had desired him to use his greatest en deavors to promote the reconciliation and harmony disposed to King Malietea, and his own persona feelings prompted him to the exercise of his best endeavors in the service of Samoa. Pau, one of speech of greeting, to which the Chief Justice replied in a few brief words of gratification for the cordial support tendered to him.

After the interview with the King the Chief Justice was met by the president of the Recep tion committee, who read an address previously prepared, congratulating the Count on his safe arrival, assuring him of a sincere welcome from the people of all parts of the island, and promising To this address the Chief Justice made response in fitting words. He said:

"There is one condition without which no great work can be done by me, without whis there can be no success at all. You are all in terested in this, as well as the natives in the islands. That condition is that you will al help me in my work. It is a great thing to ask I ask you to sacrifice private interests if to ferget personal feelings if they are opposed to the public welfare. I ask you to remember white men as well as nativer, that we have con

to ask for, but I trust that it will be done." That Count Cedererantz has made a careful study of Samon, its people, foreign citizens and various political phases is apparent from time to time in the remarks be lets fall. He has dis covered the true inwardness of the troubles of this country and what is necessary to counteract them and place these clashing interests on a sul stantial and harmonious basis. When he appeals to individuals to forget personal feelings and private interests he strikes the keynote of the whole situation. For years the public good loss been sacrificed to minister to personal spite and jealousy, and the furtherance of private interests and political schemes.

The new Chief Justice inspires the feeling that he is possessed of immense determination and energy. That he has favorably impressed the people in general is unquestionable. Expressions of good-will and hearty sympathy in his work are heard on all sides. His office will be no sine cure, and it will indeed be dilicult to harmonize and cement into one firm Government the clusive and vacillating factions of the Samoan people, who are so atterly unreliable that no dependence can be placed on them. If successful in his en deavors to place Samoa on a sound footing with a stable Government, and to stifle all foreign na tional prejudice, he will achieve a success that still further confirm the satisfactory reports con ceraing his ability and qualifications. He is said to have made the remark that there should be perfect equality in the treatment of all persons; that the natives should have the same privileges as the whites; that a Samoan should have the same just treatment as a white man. That is a new doctrine in this community.

None too soon came the Chief Justice to these islands. For days, weeks and months his arrival was eagerly looked for. The long continued suspense and non-appearance was steadily having its effect on the native population.

There has been an attempt of late on the

of the Germans to keep up and foster the feeling of rebellion against the Malietoa Government by secretly encouraging Tamasese to hold his followers together and not to get discouraged It was rumored that the Germans had sent a letter to him at his headquarters up the coast to the effect that they would have two men-of-war here, urging him to stay where he was. Mataafa days since a petition was addressed to the Chief Justice, urging that Mataafa be made King in place of Malieton. A copy of the petition was placed in the hands of the American Consul-General, who very plainly gave Matanfa to understand that he could not be King, and the sooner he got over such ideas the better for all concerned. The feeling of disquiet and insurrection was marked up to the time of the arrival of the Chief Justice. It was feared on the day of arrival even that there would be fighting among the Samoans. Parties of warriors, ested spectators of the scene. At 2 o'clock a pearmed and with their war-paint smeared over their faces, were scattered all about the town and the neighborhood. The war cloud lifted, and, as it approached nearer and nearer. Soon a solid drifting away, left all below peaceful and serene, greatly to the satisfaction of the white population. On December 31 Fanua, "Maid of the Village of Apia, daughter of Schmann, was married to one of the white residents, and the Chief Justice sig- leaves. These men were "all in their Sundaynified his interest in Samoan social affairs by best," their clothes being girdles-some very much action of the liver and bowels by its use.

attending the wedding dinner in the afternoon and a ball in honor of the occasion in the evening, a certain plant, richly oiled with scented cocounut taking part in the festivities. At the dinner, which was spread on the ground on cocoanut-leaf mats under a canopy of native cloth of the bark of trees, were many of the white foreign population. Among the number seated at one end of the table was Robert Louis Stevenson. On January 2, 1891, the Chief Justice issued a proclamation informing the people of Samoa and the foreign residents of the islands of his arrival and his assumption of the duties of office.

On the day of the arrival of the Chief Justice

Tamasese came into Apia for the first time, it was said, since the war-ostensibly to consult a doctor on account of ill-health. It was said to be a fact that Dr. Steubel, the German Consul-General, made a request to the King for the key of the Government House on Mulinuu Point, that Tamasese might lodge there while in town. The King properly declined to accede to the request, saying there were other houses where be could be accommodated. The presence of Tamasese and his large following was considered by the American Consul as a menace to the peace of the different parties, and he insisted on Tamasese being sent away without delay. He remained on the spot until the disturbing elements were embarked in their boats and were out of the harbor. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Sewall for his firm and determined attitude in the matter. The German flagship Leipzig, Admiral Valois commanding, after remaining here in the harbon several weeks, sailed for China on January On the evening of January 3 a grand ball was given in honor of the vessel by the Germans. In the evening several natives, to whom beer and gin had been surreptitiously supplied, engaged in an altercation, which threatened to result in general riot. During the disturbance three chiefs from Tutuila, of the Tamasese party, indulged in obnoxious remarks toward King Malie toa, even making the assertion that he was not the King. The Chief Justice promptly had them arrested and thrown into prison, and it is hoped such offenders will be severely dealt with from the start.

The American Consul-General gave a dinner in honor of the Chief Justice at the Consulate; the guests including the Consuls and a few of the prominent people of Apia.

In the early part of January one of the sailors of the American man-of-war Iroquois was murdered. The body was mutilated in a most horrible manner. The vessel was laying at Pago Pago. It seems that the previous night several of the sailors had been on shore engaged in a game of poker, and, as the game was not finished, two of them left the ship the following night, quietly slipping into the water and swimming ashore, their object being to finish the play. In the night one returned to the ship with the story that he had seen nothing of his comrade after leaving the vessel. He claimed that the current had separated them, carrying one to a different part of the beach; that, on his landing, he folowed the shore to a certain point with the expectation of finding his companion there, but saw nothing of him. The next day the body of the missing man was found floating in the harbor, minus head, both firms and one leg, and with number of horrible gashes and cuts across the body. The corase was evidently thrown into the harbor in the expectation that the sharks would devour it or mangle it in such a manner that the From the manner in which the arms and leg cere severed from the body some people were of the opinion that it was the work of a native, especially because of the rumor that there was woman in the case." What gave an air of probability to the idea was the manner in which



MIEF'S DAUGHTER WITH TUIGA HEAD DRESS

the limbs were severed, the flesh being cut around the joint and the bone twisted out of the socket, just as the Somouns unjoint a pig. Old residents here are inclined to think this a dodge to cast suspleion on the natives, for they say that no one except a chief would dare to mutilate a corpse in such a manner, and he would do so only when infuriated and suffering from the greatest personal injury. An ordinary native might, to rerenge a great wrong, creep up behind a man, crush his head with a club and then run away; but he would not stay long enough to attempt such a carving as was done in this instance. The Iroquois came back to Apia for a few days, and then re turned to Pago Pago with the American Consul-General and a lawyer to investigate the case. Two white men, with whom the murdered man was last seen, were arrested on suspicion of complicity in the erime, but nothing could be elicited to prove they had a hand in it, and they were discharged from eastedy. After remaining a Pago Pago for a week the Iroquois returned to Apia, not having accomplished anything in discovering the criminals. If the murder was committed by a white man' a reward will probably bring out the facts in the case. If done by a native the facts will come out in the course

of time, for they cannot keep a secret.

On January 14 and 1; two "Talolos" were made by the natives to the Chief Justice; that of January 17 being the greatest one that has ever been given in Samoa. The "Talolo" is a ceremony showing loyalty and good will to the person whom it is intended to honor, and consists in the bringing of presents of food by different villages. The first one was made by the people of Aana, the district at the west end of the island of Upola, several villages numbering about 1,000 men, participating. The second one was made by the Faasaleleaga District; from the Island of Savaii, and the Atua District on the east end of Upolu. Under an awning placed on the square in front of the King's house were seated King Malietoa, the Chief Justice, the three Consuls, Lieutenant Ulfsparre and the wife of the British Consul. Grouped about on all sides under the cocoanut palms and orange and breadfruit trees were crowds of natives and whites, interculiar chanting and singing was heard at some distance down the road, which gradually swelled column of warriors were seen advancing at a measured pace, shouting a chorus and carrying the presents of pigs, fowls, taro and cocoanuts slang on poles or in baskets made of cocoanut

abbreviated-made of the beautiful red leaves of oil. These girdles are called "Titis." Fanciful wrappings of tapa cloth formed headdresses, some being built extremely high, while around the neck and attached to the arm many wore circlets of teeth of wild animals and the tusks of wild boars. Bands of fragrant bark and flowers were fastened above the knees and at the ankles, and, to complete the costume, the entire bronze body was anointed with odorous cocoanut oil, which glistened in the sun. This advancing column proved to be the village of Safotulafai, from the Faasaleleaga District of Savaii, and their appearance was very martial and imposing. At the head of the procession came two young girls, "maids of the village," accompanied by several men, who acted as clowns, all capering and dancing about. One man carried a large tin can, which he beat with a stick in lieu of a drum, the others throwing up in the and catching as they came the peculiar-shaped knives with which they cut off heads in battles. The two girls were head-arcsses called "tuigas," made of bleached false hair, strapped on tight to their own, and built up in loose flowing masses, surmounted by plumes made by covering heat reeds with small, brilliant red feathers. Numerous bands of beads and shells, as well as small mirrors, and fans, were added, producing an effect gratifying in the ex-treme. The value they attach to this headgear is rather startling. \$100 being refused in some instances. Some cannot be purchased at any

The warriors having advanced in front of the canopy, placed the presents on the grass and retired to one side of the square to make room for the villagers that followed. The next village to come forward was Sapapalii, the home of the family of Malietoa. One of the dancing girls in

for the village is that followed. The next village to come forward was Sapapalii, the home of the family of Malietoa. One of the dancing girls in this fillage was Aigavalu, the King's niece, who led the "Siva" which was given at the close of the "Talolo." Folau, one of the native magistrates, acted as master of ceremonies, and conducted each village to the square, presenting the strangers to the Chief Justice and to the Consuls. The "Tulafales"—orators—knelt to the King and Chief Justice and shook hands with the Consuls. The "Tulafales"—orators—knelt to the King and Chief Justice and shook hands with the Consuls. That the Samoan is not devoid of humor was manifest as the village of Ira approached, for one tall fellow, with blackened face, convulsed the crowd by his facial contertions and witticisms discharged point blank at the guests under the canopy, the general opinion being that he would make a good "end man" in a minstrel show. The Atna district was represented by the villages of Falealili, Louluff, Aleipata and Saluafata, only part of the district coming down, the rest coming later on.

At least 3,000 men were in the procession, and the presents stacked up were enough to supply a small army. Many pigs, roasted and alive, fowls, "taro" and coconnuts fell to the Consuls and the interpreter, the Rev. Mr. Newell, as their share. After all the presents had been deposited before the Chief Justice and the men were all grouped closely under the trees near at hand, the principal orators from several villages made speeches of welcome, to which the Chief Justice responded briefly and to the point. Aleipia, a great orator from Anna, made speeches of welcome, to which the Chief Justice responded briefly and to the point. Aleipia, a great orator from Anna, made speeches of the canoe in which we have been going about searching for a King is now broken off, and we have no further use for the canoe. We have Malietoa as King. The Chief Justice and the prospect of peace and good times for Samoa. Considerable disappointment Samoa. Considerable disappointment was felt at the manner in which Lauati, who is the greatest orator in Samoa, expressed himself, his speech being weak, whether by design or not no one could tell. At the conclusion of the speech the assembled guests and spectators were amused by a "Siva," the national Samoan dance. More Talolos are in preparation, and the greatest of all, the Tuamasaga, will come last on the list.

Every one is anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Land Commissioners, who have as yet-failed to make their appearance, though rumor says two of the three to be appointed will arrive by the next steamer from Sydney, due here on February 1. February 1. According to the latest intelligence, Mr. Basset According to the latest intelligence, are bassed. Haggard, appointed by the British Government, was in Sydney awaiting the arrival of Mr. Eggert, the commissioner appointed by Germany. No news has been received here yet of the name or appointment of the American commissioner, for the mail on the steamer from San Francisco has not yet come down from Tutuila.

BEITER QUALIFIED TO SPEAK. \_

Eugene Field in The Chicago News.

Last spring Mr. Millard conceived the notion of taking the Key. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus fishing with him. He liked Dr. Gunsaulus. Of all the saints and suners that continually do cry, Gunsaulus was the one saint toward \*hom Mr. Millard's heart went in affectionate admiration, and this admiration expressed itself in an invitation to a three days' fishing tour to Fox Lake. Dr. Gunsaulus accepted, filled himself full of quinine, put on his secular red necktie, and started with Mr. Millard. One of the genlal pastor's flock—Phill Armour—saw them off.

"Here is something to wet your whistle," said he, thrusting a package into his pastor's hand.

"I never whistle," said lar. Gunsaulus, innocently. But Mr. Armour langhed and went away. The package was a quart bottle of splendid claret wine that Mr. Armour lang got II. V. liemis to import from a ruined

But Mr. Armour laughed and went away. The package was a quart bottle of splendid claret wine that Mr. Armour had got H. V. Lenns so import from a ruined chateau in the Fordcaux country.

"That's fine," said Mr. 'dillard. "The Fox Lake water is had at this season of the year, and that claret will be just the thing for us!"

They went fishing heat day. It was one of those bisstering days toward the end of May. The rays of the sun fairly parhoiled the waters of the lake. Not a fish was to be seen, not one to be caught.

Mr. Millard pulled the gum-tree canoe about six miles down the lake in that awful heat, stopping ever and anon to east for bass, but all in valu. The idiotic cook at the club hat put up a lunch of sardine sandwiches, and this simply agaravated the awful, the consuming thirst engendered by the malignance of the sun.

"How far are we from the clubhouse!" asked the Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus.

"About six miles—maybe seven," answered Mr. Millard.

and. Isn't there any house nearer than that !" asked "Isn't there any house nearer than that is assert the elergyman.
"No," shid Mr. Millard. "Why?"
"Pm very thirsty," said the Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus.
"Never felt so parched in all my life before; my submaxillary region feels like a tract of Arizona real estate. Would give almost anything for a drink!"
"Then reach down under that seat and bring out that bottle of claret," said Mr. Millard, trimphantly.
"I knew it would come handy, so I wrapped my coat around it to keep it cool and packed it way out of the son."

Millard.

around it to keep it cool and packed it was the sun."

"Surely enough?" cried the clergyman, reaching under the seat and dranging forth the precious bottle. "Isn't it delicious! Red. too-red as blood, but not so red as my necktie! How it will cool my parched virals and refresh my arid hear! How do you get at it? Once when I went fishing in Chantauquis Lake with Joe Cook he knocked off the top of the bottle; shall I do that way with this?"

"No," said Mr. Millard, "Jake this corkscrew and extract the cork; meanwhile I'll pull toward shore, where the reflection of the sun from the water isn't quite so terrible."

The Rey, Dr. Gausaulus had opened bottles before.

The Rev. Dr. Gaussaulus had opened bottles before, but they were bottles of ketchup; corkscrews were mew to him—the thing he had always done it with was a kitchen fork. Naturally, therefore, he was awkward about this delicate bob in hand, and—we shudder to tell it—he reached the critical point of the performance just as Mr. Milard, having propelled the gum-tree cance shoreward, cave a tremendous mil to "port the helm." The eminent elergyman less his balance and dropped the bottle-yes, dropped the priceless bottle of unique claret! The bottle fell of course upon the anchor and broke into a thousand bits, In another moment the fragrant, ruby wine had mingled its precious juices with the balt in the bottom of the gum-tree cance.

Fate, thou art a capricious wench! How should we tike to tweak thy saucy nose for thee—thou ribald, ruthless miny! ite so terrible." The Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus had opened bottles before

mile to taken of ruthless minx!

Millard said nothing; he simply let go his oars and gazed in silent horror upon that week.

As for the dergyman, he, too, was speechless. He heheld in voiceless terror his only hope oozing slowly but surely into the seams and cracks of that plebelan cance. No other doon of drink within a distance of the seams and cracks of the plebelan cance. canne. No other dron of drink within a distance of six miles, as in enthless sareasm the malignant san poured down with renewed vigor its melting flood. Anarchy ran riot: chaos threatened. In this supreme moment, the Rev. Dr. Gansaulus mised his wan eves from that distracting ruin, and, addressing his companion in husky tones, he said: "Millard, you are a layman, speak!"

The parent of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases

out of ten a dyspeptic stemach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathize. One of the preminent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrepet, the brain. Invigorate the slomach, and you restore equilibrium to the great centre. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sciatives and powerful narcotics, which, though they may for a time exert a soporitie influence upon the brain, soon cease to act and invariably injure the tone of the stonach. ters, on the contrary, restore activity to the operations of that all-important organ, and their beneficent influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous A wholesome impetus is likewise given to the